

THE LADY'S

OR,

WEEKLY



MISCELLANY;

THE

VISITOR.

FOR THE USE AND AMUSEMENT OF BOTH SEXES.

VOL. XV.]

Saturday, June 13,.....1812.

[NO. 8.]

THE

PRINCE OF BRITTANY,

A New Historical Novel.

Tanguy was not more sanguine than Alicia. He was not flattered by the illusions of an imagination which love had led astray.—‘My brother,’ said he, addressing himself to the Prince, ‘if the laws have forbidden me to pronounce a name so dear, more indulgent Nature will permit it. Yes, the most affectionate of brothers, the most zealous for your interests, speaks to you now. Will you never open your eyes to the representations of truth? Your passions hurry you away. How can you hope that Bertrand de Dinan will consent to give you his niece, when he makes it a point of honor to fulfil the engagement of her parents—an engagement which they renewed in their dying moments—when Arthur de Montauban, in short, is named the happy—‘Proceed not, cruel man,’ interrupted the Prince; ‘Arthur dost thou say!—Arthur the husband of Alicia!—Alicia in the arms of another!—Dreadful idea!—Thou knowest me not—thou knowest—let me not be com-

pelled to it—I will call the English to my aid—Brittany shall swim in blood—her towns shall be laid in ashes—Oh, my dear Tanguy, since the name of brother affects thee, I conjure thee by the tender ties that unite us, not to wound my love by your dreadful suggestions.—What is grandeur, what existence without Alicia? The Marshal must submit to the authority of my brother. Once more, Tanguy, do not deform with clouds the charming prospect before me. Thou delightest my brother to torment me—Think how much I suffer’——Ah! my brother, I suffer still more than you. I contemplate with grief the variety of woes that await you. You are sensible how much I love you. But I cannot conceal from you the depth of the abyss into which you are hastening to plunge. You have enemies’——‘I despise their impotent malice’——‘but if at least you would manage them’——‘I scorn the arts of a courtier; and I wish they may be perfectly sensible, that my contempt for them is even greater than my destination—You are a Prince, my Lord.’——‘I am the lover of Alicia, and all my wishes are to be her husband. My dear Tanguy, forgive my transports

I am distracted when the least obstacle is presented to the most ardent love. I have opened my whole soul to you. But I am very far from having recourse to a vengeance which I myself abhor. So far from being instrumental in bringing the calamities of war on my Prince and country, as I have rashly said, they shall never find a more zealous defender than your brother. You talk of enemies—have I deserved them? In one instance, indeed, I forgot myself: I affronted Hingant. But was not my fault immediately followed by the most ample concessions? Ah! my friend, I bear a too susceptible heart! Do not endeavour thus to deprive me at once of my hope—my life.’—

The Prince could not utter this last affecting appeal to friendship, without letting drop some natural tears; and Tanguy perceived, that it was in vain to combat the fervours of such a passion by expostulation, or to check the impetuosity of such a temper, but by the language of soothing tenderness.

Nor was the charming Alicia less an object of compassion. Her irritated uncle to whom her partiality for the Prince of Brittany was no secret, overwhelmed her with reproaches. He insisted, with the haughty violence of authority, that she should sacrifice the inclinations of her heart, by a passive compliance with the dying engagement of her parents. ‘Our

hearts,’ said he, know no other principle than honour, no other law, no other passion. Love we leave to the vulgar, who are at liberty to follow their capricious inclinations. It being exalted above the rest of mankind, *our* duty is to combat, to subdue, to sacrifice our passions. *Our* prerogative is to shine an example to all around us. What are all the advantages of Nobility, if we do not purchase them by the most exalted virtues? Go to the altar with Arthur de Montauban—let me never see thee again but as his wife. What would I say—I would rather see thee in the grave than—but thou knowest thy duty—I expect absolute obedience.’

In vain did Alicia prostrate herself, all in tears, before the Marshall.—‘Oh, my Lord, deign to hear me—you—you are now my father. You cannot doubt how much I loved my parents—how much I cherish and revere their memory. I am still impressed with the most respectful deference to their commands. But could they dispose of my hand without consulting this poor heart? Can my duty oblige me to render myself miserable for ever? Why did not the dear authors of my being remove me far from the presence of the Prince of Brittany? Why did they permit his visits—his conversations? His princely rank has no charms with me. Oh, did you but know him—did you but read his heart like me—Oh, my uncle, let me rather die a hundred times than subscribe to this barbarous

promise. At least, let me be permitted, far from the court and the world, to bury my grief in some deep solitude. There left wholly to myself—'To yourself!' resumed the furious Marshal, as he retired; 'you are not your own—you belong to your country, to your family to honor. They claim their victim, and they shall have it.'

The Duke sent a messenger to his brother to desire him to repair to the palace. The Prince flew thither with an impatience, which bespoke a certainty, that the commencement of his happiness was approaching. 'My brother,' said the Duke, the moment he entered, 'you know how much I have your happiness at heart. The zealous affection of friendship would add, if possible, to the powerful claims of Nature. But your brother, before he can listen to these claims, must recollect that he is a Sovereign. I have obligations to my subjects—I have obligations to equity. I have seen the Marshal de Dinan—he is inflexible. Montauban has received his promise, and the solemn promise of dying parents. In spite of me, in spite of you, Montauban must be the husband of Alicia. You must subdue yourself, and imitate me.'

The impetuous Prince clapped his hand to his sword. 'I have no longer then,' said he, 'any support but this. It shall chastise the insolence of Arthur. Shall I yield Alicia to him? Cruel—you are not my brother—you are my tyrant—

my executioner'—'Ah my brother, my brother, I will forget the Sovereign to whom these expressions are so unbecoming. I pity your distress. I weep with you. Shed your tears in my bosom. Lament the wretched fate, that has plunged you into a passion, which the Prince of Brittany must absolutely subdue. We must devote ourselves to our inferiors. So far from wishing to render the Marshal *perjured*, it is our duty, my brother, to support—to guaranty his promise. Let justice triumph, and leave the event to Heaven. I feel all the severity of this refusal. I suffer in *your* sufferings. But place yourself in my situation—Be the Sovereign—and dictate to me my duty. I appeal to your own decision I appeal to the Count of Richmond. I refer you to that wise and excellent friend. He loves you. He understands the laws of honor. I leave you to his advice, and to your own reflections.'

The Prince of Brittany distracted by unexpected refusal of the brother, flies to throw himself at the feet of his adorable mistress. The servants of the Marshal in vain oppose his entrance. He finds Alicia alone, in her apartment, overwhelmed by the most poignant grief. He pours forth all the transports of a heart, distracted at the idea of losing all that was dear to him in life. Alicia avows her passion for the Prince, with the beautiful ingenuousness of virtuous love. But she urges the irresistible

obstacles to their union, in the dying engagement of her parents, and the obligations to her family and to honor, which the Marshal, her uncle, had been just enforcing. — 'Alas! Prince,' said she, 'I must give my hand to another; but my heart is still' — 'Go then,' said the furious Prince; 'let that heart instantly follow the present of the hand — I — I will shew you what it is to love.' — Then seizing his sword, he was going to plunge it into his heart, notwithstanding all the cries and efforts of the terrified Alicia, when, in that instant, he heard an unexpected voice: 'Stop, stop, I come to recall you to life.' — The Prince beheld Tanguy. — 'Ah! my brother,' said he, 'you love me — and would you wish me to live? Do you know the horrors that surround me? — I know all; I know that the Marshal has secured the duke in his interest. But the Constable, your uncle, has sent for you. He has had a long conversation with the Duke, and I doubt not was successful.' — 'My brother! Is it possible? Shall Alicia yet be mine? And you, Madam — you weep — divine mistress of my heart, forgive — forgive me if I have appeared to doubt your love.' — 'Ah! Prince,' said Mademoiselle de Dinan, 'how cruel have you been! But go — claim the protection of the Count of Richmond. Let him gain the Duke — let him prevail upon my uncle — and you will see whether Alicia can love.

(To be Continued.)

SELECTED

For the Lady's Miscellany.

THE BIOGRAPHY OF JOHN ELWES, ESQ.

This gentleman, whose original name was Meggot, was born in 1712, and was the nephew of Sir Harvy Elwes, whose possessions at the time of his death was supposed to be at least two hundred and fifty thousand pounds. His father was an eminent brewer, in Southwark, which borough his grandfather, Sir George Meggot, represented in parliament. At the decease of the uncle, this large sum of money became the property of the nephew, who by will was required to assume the name and arms of Elwes. When he succeeded to his uncle's fortune, he had advanced beyond his fortieth year, and for fifteen years previous to that period he was known in the more fashionable circles of the metropolis. He had always a propensity for play, and it was late in life that he grew disgusted at the practice. This arose from his paying always, and not being always paid. At an early period he was sent to Westminster school, where he remained ten or twelve years, and was allowed to be a good classical scholar, though it is confidentially said that he never read afterwards. From Westminster school, Mr. Elwes removed to Geneva, where he soon entered into pursuits more agreeable to

him than study. The riding master of the academy, there, had been to boast, perhaps, three of the best riders in Europe; Mr. Worsley, Mr. Elwes, and Sir Sidney Meadows. The connexions which he formed at Westminster school, and at Geneva, together with his own large fortune, all conspired to introduce Mr. Elwes (then Mr. Meggot) into whatever society he chose. He was admitted a member of the club at Arthur's, and many other fashionable haunts of the day. Few men, even from his own acknowledgment, played deeper than himself, and with such various success; he once continued to play two days & a night without intermission; and the room being a small one, the party were nearly up to their knees in cards. The late duke of Northumberland, who was no starter upon these occasions was of the party. Had Mr. Elwes received all he won, he would have been much richer; but the sums which were owing to him, even by very noble names were not liquidated. On this account he was a very great loser by play; the theory which he professed, 'that it was impossible to ask a gentleman for money,' he perfectly performed by the practice, and he never violated this feeling to the latest hour of his life. It is curious to remark that, even at this period of Mr. Elwes' life, how he contrived to mingle small attempts at saving, with objects of the most unbounded dissipation. After sitting up a whole night at play for thousands,

with the most fashionable & profligate men of the age, he would quit the splendid scene, & walk out about four in the morning to Smithfield, to meet his own cattle which were coming to market from Hayden Hall, a farm of his in Essex. There would this same man throw aside his habits of dissipation, & standing in the cold or rain, haggle with a carcass butcher for a shilling.— When his cattle did not arrive at the expected hour, he would walk on in the mire to meet them; and more than once he has travelled on foot the whole way to his farm, without stopping, which was seventeen miles from London, after sitting up the whole of the night. Mr. Elwes generally travelled on horseback, having first taken care to put two or three eggs boiled hard into his great coat pocket, or any scraps of bread he could find; then, mounting one of his hunters he made the best of his way out of London, into that road where turnpikes were the least numerous. Next stopping under any hedge, where he saw grass for his horse, and a little water for himself, he would sit down and refresh himself and his animal. From his seat at Marcham, in Berkshire, he went to reside at the mansion house of his late uncle, at Stoke, in Suffolk. Here he first began to keep foxhounds; and his stable of hunters, at that time, was said to be the best in the kingdom. This was the only instance, in his whole life of his sacrificing money to pleasure but even here every thing was con-

ducted with the utmost parsimony. Mr. Elwes had an equal aversion to an inn on the road, & an apothecary's bill; therefore, when he once received a dangerous kick from one of his horses, nothing could prevail on him to have any assistance. He rode the chase through, with his leg cut to the bone; and it was not till some days afterwards, when it was feared amputation would be necessary, that he consented to repair to London, and part with a few guineas for advice. Though he made frequent excursions to Newmarket he never engaged on the turf. A kindness, however, which he performed there merits notice. Lord Abingdon, who was slightly known to Mr. Elwes in Berkshire, had made a match for 7000*l.* which it was supposed he would be obliged to forfeit, from an inability to produce the sum, through the odds were greatly in his favour. Mr. Elwes, unsolicited, made him an offer of the money, which he accepted and won the engagement. On the day this match was to be run, a clergyman had agreed to accompany Mr. Elwes to see the fate of it. Imagining they were to breakfast at Newmarket, the gentleman took no refreshment. After the bet was decided, Mr. Elwes still continued to ride about till the hour of four, at which time his reverence grew so impatient that he mentioned something of the keen air of Newmarket heath, and the comforts of a good dinner. 'Very true,' replied Elwes, 'so here

do as I do,' offering at the same time, from his great coat pocket, a piece of old crushed pancake, which he had brought from Marcham two months before but, 'that it was good as new.' As Mr. Elwes knew little of accounts, and never reduced his affairs to writing, he was obliged, in the disposal of his money, to trust much to his memory, and still more to the suggestions of other people. Hence he supplied every person who had a *want* or *scheme*, with an apparent high interest, whether the projector was knavish or honest. Hence are to be reckoned visions of distant property in America, phantoms of annuities on lives that could never pay, &c. by which he is supposed, in the course of his life, to have lost about 150,000*l.* Mr. Elwes, from his father, Mr. Maggot, had inherited some property in houses in London: To this property he added greatly by building. Great part of Marybone soon called him her founder. Portland place, and Portland square, the riding houses and stables of the Life Guards, and houses too numerous to be mentioned, all rose out of his pocket. He had resided about thirteen years in Suffolk, when, on the dissolution of parliament, he was chosen for Berkshire, having been proposed by Lord Craven. He did not object to the nomination, as he was to be brought in for nothing. All his expense consisted in dining at the ordinary at Reading, and he got into parliament for about eighteen

pence. He now returned to his seat at Marcham, relinquished his hounds, and distributed them among some farmers. He was approaching the sixtieth year of his age when he thus entered upon public life. In three successive parliaments he was chosen for Berkshire, and sat about twelve years in the house. To his honor be it said, that in every vote he proved himself an independent country gentleman, wishing neither post nor rank, wanting no emolument, and being perfectly conscientious. When Mr. Elwes quitted parliament, he was, in the familiar phrase, 'a fish out of water.' He had for some years been a member of a card club, at the Mound coffee house, and, by a constant attendance on this meeting, he consoled himself for the loss of his seat. The play was moderate and he enjoyed the fire and candle at a general expense. Still, however, he retained some fondness for play, and he imagined that he had a thorough knowledge of picquet. It was his misfortune to meet with a gentleman who thought the same of himself, and on much better grounds; for after a contest of two days and a night, Mr. Elwes rose the loser of three thousand pounds, which was paid by a draft on Messrs. Hoares. This was the last folly of the kind that he was guilty of. At length he retired to his seat at Stoke, where no gleam of favourite passion, or any ray of amusement, broke through the gloom of penury. His insatiable

desire of saving was become uniform and systematic. He still rode about the country on an old brood mare, but he rode her very economically on the turf adjoining the road, without putting himself to the expense of shoes. In the advance of the season, his morning employment was to pick up chips, sticks, or bones, and put them in his pocket to carry to the fire. During the harvest he would amuse himself with going into the fields to glean the corn on the grounds of his own tenants. When he had his river drawn, though sometimes horse loads of small fish were taken, not one would he suffer to be thrown in again. Game, in the last state of putrefaction would he continue to eat. In short, whatever Cervantes or Molier have pictured, in their most sportive moods of avarice in the extreme was realized or surpassed by Elwes, though then supposed to be possessed of about a million. The 18th of November, 1789 closed the life of this extraordinary man, who left by will (of property and estates not entailed,) the sum of 500,000*l.* to his two natural sons, George and John Elwes.

DANGER IN COMPLAINING.

'WHEN I have a cold in my head,' said a gentleman in company; 'I am remarkably dull and stupid.'—'You are much to be pitied then, sir,' replied another, 'for I don't remember ever to have seen you without a cold in your head.'

For the Lady's Miscellany.

Mr. Editor

Should the following extract (from Campbells Narrative) be deemed worthy the columns of your admired Miscellany it is offered for insertion by

T. L. S.

Description of the ceremony of the Gentoo Women burning themselves with the bodies of their Husbands. —

'This day, I went to see a Gentoo woman resign herself to be burned along with the corps of her deceased husband. The place fixed upon for this tragic scene, was a small islet on the bank of one of the branches of the river cavery, about a mile to the Northward of the fort of Janjore. When I came to the spot, I found the victim, who appeared to be not above sixteen, sitting on the ground dressed in the Gentoo manner, with a white cloth wrapped round her, some white flowers like Jessamins hanging round her neck, and some of them hanging from her hair. There were about twenty women sitting on their hams round her, holding a white handkerchief, extended horizontally over her head to shade her from the sun which was excessively hot, it being then about noon. At about 20 yards from where she was sitting, and facing her there were several Bramins busy in constructing a pile with billets of firewood: the pile was about eight feet long and four broad. They first began by driv-

ing some upright stakes into the ground and then built up the middle to about the height of three feet and an half with billets of wood. The dead husband, who, from his appearance, seemed to be about sixty years of age, was lying close by, stretched out on a bier, made of Bamboo canes. Four Bramins walked in procession three times round the dead body, first in a direction contrary to the sun and afterwards other three times in a direction with the sun, all the while muttering incantations; and at each round or circuit they made, they untwisted, and immediately again twisted up the small long lock of hair which is left unshaven at the back of their heads. Some other Bramins were in the mean time employed in sprinkling water out of a green leaf rolled up like a cup, upon a small heap of cakes of dry cowdung, with which the pile was afterwards to be set on fire, an old Bramin sat at the North-east corner of the pile upon his hams with a pair of spectacles on, reading, I suppose, the shaster, or their scriptures, from a book composed of cajan leaves. Having been present now nearly an hour, I enquired when they meant to set the pile on fire: they answered in about two hours. As this spectacle was most melancholy, and naturally struck me with horror, and as I had only gone there to assure myself of the truth of such sacrifices being made, I went away towards the fort after I was gone about five hundred yards they sent some

one to tell me they would burn immediately : on which I returned and found the woman had been moved from where she was sitting to the river, where the Bramins were bathing her. On taking her out of the water, they put some money in her hand, which she dipped in the river. and divided among the Bramins : she had then a yellow cloth rolled partially round her. They put some red colour about the size of a sixpence on the centre of her forehead, and rubbed something that appeared to me to be clay. She was then led to the pile, round which she walked three times as the sun goes : she then mounted it at the North-east corner, without any assistance ; and sat herself down on the right side of her husband, who had been previously laid upon the pile. She then unscrewed the pins which fastened the Jewels or silver rings on her arms : after she had taken them off, she shut them, and screwed in the pins again, and gave one to each of two women who were standing : she unscrewed the ear-rings and other toys with great composure, and divided them among the women who were with her. There seemed to be some little squabble about the distribution of her Jewels, which she settled with great precision and then falling gently backwards, pulled a fold of the yellow cloth over her face, turned her breast towards her husband's side, and laid her right arm over his breast ; and in this posture she remained without

moving. Just before she laid down, the Bramins put some rice in her lap, and also in the mouth and on the long grey beard of her husband, they then sprinkled some water on the head, breast and feet of both, and tied them gently together round the middle with a slender bit of rope : they then raised, as it were, a little wall of wood lengthways on two sides of the pile, so as to raise it from the level of the bodies : and then put cross pieces, so as to prevent the billets of wood from pressing on them ; they then poured on the pile above where the woman lay, a potful of something that appeared to me to be oil ; after this they heaped on more wood, to the height of about four feet above where the bodies were built in ; so that all I now saw was a stack of fire-wood. One of the Bramins, I observed, stood at the end of the pile next the woman's head—was calling to her through the interstices of the wood, and laughed several times during the conversation. Lastly, they overspread the pile with wet straw, and tied it on with ropes. A Bramin then took a handful of straw, which he set on fire at the little heap of burning cakes of cowdung ; and standing to windward of the pile, he let the wind drive the flame from the straw till it caught the pile. Fortunately, at this instant, the wind rose much higher than it had been any part of the day ; and in an instant the flames pervaded the whole pile, and it burnt with great fury. I listened

a few seconds, but could not distinguish any shrieks, which might perhaps be owing to my being then to windward. In a very few minutes, the pile became a heap of ashes. During the whole time of this process, which lasted from first to last above two hours before we lost sight of the woman by her being built up in the middle of the pile, I kept my eyes almost constantly upon her; and I declare to GOD that I could not perceive, either in her countenance or limbs, the least trace of either horror fear, or even hesitation: her countenance was perfectly composed and placid; and she was not, I am positive, either intoxicated or stupified. From several circumstances I thought the Bramins exulted in this hellish sacrifice, and did not seem at all displeased that Europeans should be witnesses of it.

VARIETY.

ORIGINAL AND SELECTED

From a late London Paper.

THE following remarkable fact, a due attention to which, may be the means of preserving the life of many a humane being, cannot be too generally known. On Wednesday last, the only child of Stephen Friar Gilham, Esq. of Sharfield, Burntwood, about a month old, was seized

with a convulsive fit, which, in a short time, became so violent, that every moment, was expected to be its last. As a dernier expedient, one of the servants, provided a pigeon, and, having plucked the feathers from its breast, applied that part of it to the pit of the child's stomach, who was apparently dead. At the expiration of ten minutes, the pigeon appeared much convulsed, and some symptoms of recovery were perceptible in the child. From this happy appearance, the remedy was continued, for near three quarters of an hour, when the infant completely recovered, and the pigeon became so violently convulsed, that it was, with much difficulty, the servant could hold it. In a few minutes after, it died, in the utmost agony, having effectually extracted that pain from the child, which proved its own destruction. The convulsions of the bird were so strong, that its body was black, all over.

In a trial that lately took place in London, the Attorney General charged Mr. Erskine with travelling out of his way in conducting his client's case. Mr. Erskine in answer said, his learned friend had talked of the irrelevancy of certain questions which he had put; this reminded him of the celebrated Dr. Whitefield, who had been accused, by his audience, of rambling in his discourse; to which he replied, 'If you will ramble to the devil, I must ramble after you!'

A fellow being brought to the bar some time ago, to answer for a misdemeanor, to'd his prosecutor, that he could convict him of being both a *thief* and a *murderer*!—Upon being required to *prove* his assertion—'Why, (said he) you ugly villain, you killed a *monkey* and you *stole* his countenance.'

COLONEL DAVIESS.

THIS gentleman, who fell in the late contest with the Indians, was the right worshipful grand master of the grand lodge of Kentucky. As a tribute of respect, the grand lodge of that state has gone into mourning. He is said to have been an amiable man, correct in his deportment, a zealous craftsman, an eminent lawyer, a brave man, and a great orator.

SPIRIT OF GAMING.

From a London Paper of April 17.

On Wednesday an extraordinary investigation took place at Bow street. Croker, the officer, was passing the Hempsted road—he observed at a distance before him, two men on a wall, and immediately after saw the tallest of them, a stout man, about six feet high, hanging by his neck from a lamp post, attached to the wall, being that instant tied up and turned off by the short man. This unexpected & extraordinary sight astonish-

ed the officer—he made up to the spot with all speed, and after he arrived there, the tall man, who had been hanged, fell to the ground, the handkerchief with which he had been suspended having given way. Croker produced his staff; said he was an officer, and demanded to know of the other man, the cause of such conduct in the meantime the man who had been hanged recovered, got up, and on C. interfering, gave him a violent blow on his nose, which nearly knocked him backwards—The short man was endeavouring to make off, however the officer procured assistance. and both were brought to the office, when the account they gave was, they worked no canals. They had been together on Wednesday afternoon, tossed up for money and afterwards for their clothes; the tall man who was hanged won the others jacket, trowsers, and shoes;—they then tossed up which should hang the other, and the short one won the toss.—They got upon the wall the one to submit and the other to hang him on the lamp iron. They both agreed in their statement. The tall one, who had been hanged, said, if he had won the toss, he would have hanged the other. He said, he then felt the effects of his neck at the time he was hanging, and his eyes were so much swelled that he saw double. The Magistrates expressed their horror and disgust, and ordered the man who had been hanged, to find bail for the violent and unjustifi-

ble assault upon the officer, and the short one for hanging the other. Not having bail, they were committed to Bridewell for trial.

THE SAILOR.

A few evenings ago—I remember it was a rainy one—as I was walking along one of the back streets of the city, I was much struck with the melancholy figure of a blind man; who was singing a song of love. Misery could not have found among the number of distressed mortals, a form more suited to her nature.

While I was contemplating the wretchedness of the object, and comparing it with the strain which necessity compelled him to chaunt, a sailor, who came whistling along the street, with a stick under his arm, stopped and purchased a ballad of him.

God preserve you cried the blind man, for I have not tasted bread this day—When the sailor looking around him, on a sudden sprang up four steps into a baker's shop near which he stood, and returning immediately, thrust a small loaf into the poor man's hand, and went off whistling as he came.

I was so affected at this noble act of generosity, that I called the honest seaman back to me, and taking the little silver I had about me, which I think was but four shillings—Thy nobleness of soul said I, and the goodness of thy

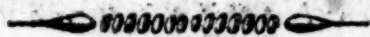
heart, my lad, which I have seen so bright an instance of, makes me sorry that I cannot reward thee, as thou dost deserve; however I must beg your acceptance of this trifle as a small testimony of how much I admire thy generous nature.—Bless your noble honor, said the sailor, and thank you, but we must divide the prize money fairly; so stepping back to the blind man, and gave him half of it, and clapping him upon the shoulder at the same time he added withal, here are two shillings for thee, my blind Cupid, for which you are not obliged to me, but to a gentleman who stands within a few yards of you; so get into harbor and make thyself warm, and keep thy humdrum for fairer weather. Then giving his hat a quick wave over his head, he thanked me again, and went nimbly down the street.

ANECDOTE.

DURING the restraint of queen Elizabeth by her sister queen Mary, in custody of sir Henry Benefeld, so that none were admitted access to her, a goat was espied by a merry fellow, one of her warders, to be walking alone with her whereupon taking the goat on his shoulders, he in all haste hurried him to sir Harry. I pray, said he, examine this fellow, whom I found walking with her grace; but what talk they had I know not, not understanding his language; he seems to me a stranger, and I believe a Welchman by his frieze coat.

LADY'S MISCELLANY

NEW-YORK, June 13, 1812.

*"Be it our task,**To note the passing tidings of the times.*

Shocking inhumanity—On Sunday morning last the body of a new-born female infant was found near the New Ferry, in Brooklyn. It was enclosed in a rough made coffin, or box, of pieces of boards grooved for carpenter's purposes, and probably taken from some new building. It had on a cap, worked in the back part, and a small plain border; also, linen, bandages, &c. The Coroner's Inquest adjourned without a verdict, and are shortly to meet again. In the interim they are diligent in ascertaining the perpetrators of this unnatural and shocking barbarity. Any information on this subject may be communicated to Hendrick L. Suydam, Foreman, or

JOHN SHARPE, Coroner.

The Editors of the Mercantile Advertiser are indebted to the politeness of a commercial friend for the loan of the Barbadoes Gazette Extraordinary, of the 6th of May, 1812, which contains the following melancholy account of the late Volcano Eruption in the island of St. Vincents.

**Mercury Office, Bridge-Town, Barba-
does, May 6, 1812 (6 o'clock, P. M.)*

'In order to relieve the public anxiety, and remove all doubts as to the nature and origin of the Phenomion, we publish the following melancholy account of a Volcanic Eruption of Mount Soufriere in the Island of St Vincents, which happened on the morning of Friday last. The intelligence was received here this afternoon—

Amongst the evils, natural and experimental, which this Island did already most woefully experience, it has now to

enumerate the awful visitation of an eruption of the Souffrier Mountain; which, in its symptoms and effects, surpasses the most terrific picture we can possibly draw of it. The following, as far as we have yet ascertained, are the particulars:

On Monday last, a loud explosion of the volcanic mountain took place, followed by an immense column of thick sulphurous smoke, which suddenly burst over the vicinity of the crater, and in the course of a minute discharged vast quantities of volcanic matter. The whole surface became covered with ashes, which presented an alarming appearance; and the noise which proceeded from the bowels of the mountain, threw the whole neighbourhood into the utmost consternation.—But this is not all:—the amazing scene remain yet to be told!—The eruption, continuing with increased violence, presented on Thursday night, and yesterday morning, one of the most awful sights human imagination can form an idea of. The mountain burst forth in a most tremendous blaze, throwing up huge spouts of fire and burning stones, accompanied with the most frightful thundering noise, at the same time sending down its sides torrent of burning matter, and scattering in the air large pieces of rock, which in their descent made a dreadful ravage among the cattle, &c. Some idea may be formed of this awful conflagration, when stated, that showers of volcanic particles continued pouring for several hours all over the Island, accompanied at intervals with violent shocks of earthquake; and at times, from the dreadful aperture of the mountain, were shot off rocks of enormous size, which, in their fatal fall, have done the most calamitous injury;—and such has been the destructive impetuosity of the liquid fire, that its painful effects are of the most serious nature. The brilliancy

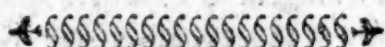
of the flames which majestically rose from the mouth of the crater, had a most sublime and awful effect, and the burning stones which darted in the air resembled, the stars in a rocket. The vivid flashes of lightning which shot forth with a noise far exceeding the heaviest artillery, resemble in colour and brightness what is usually seen in a tempest, and the curling sheets of smoke so obscured the sky, that yesterday morning untill ten o'clock, was nearly involved in nocturnal darkness. So dreadful were these appearances, that our terrors added new horrors to the scene;—the whole Island was in a state of trepidation, and the people filled with supplication and dread precipitately retreated from their homes to places of shelter.

About noon yesterday, the wind blew from the South East, the sun made its appearance, and the whole Heavens began to brighten. The eruption, we find has abated considerably in its violence; but we understand that the leeward and windward plantations are covered all over with torrents of melted matter.

We have not been able as yet to ascertain correctly the extent of damage done, or the number of lives lost; but the principal rivers of the Island (those particularly within the influence of the volcanic) are all dried up, The Negro provision grounds, for miles around, are completely destroyed, and the pastures, on the windward and leeward side of the Island, are so covered over with ashes and vitrified pieces of stone that there is not left a bit of ground, in appearance for the cattle to feed upon. Every means should instantly be resorted to, to express the calamities likely to ensue from so distressing a catastrophe; and we trust, the Legislature will immediately adopt such measures as will ensure the importation of dry Provisions, sufficient for the call of the Inhabitants.

Account from the Post, at Owia, have just reached Town, they report

that that part of the Island presents nothing but objects of desolation. The stupendous Block-house there having fallen to the ground, and the range of the mountain on the windward side split open—from which issued torrents of lava, consuming in its course every tree and shrub that impeded its way; and the surface of the hills and vallies, in that quarter, covered all over, several inches thick with a sort of volcanic matter, resemble the dross that is thrown from a Smith's forge. The noise from the mountain has been so violently felt there, that to give an idea of it, one may imagine a mixed sound made up of the raging of a tempest—the murmur of a troubled sea—and the roaring of thunder and artillery, confused altogether.

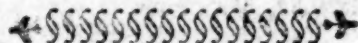


Married.

On Friday evening, by the Rev. Mr. Spring, Mr. Alex G. Fraser, of S Carolina, to Miss Frances M Webb, daughter of Mr. Orange Webb, of this city.

On Sunday evening last, by the rev. Dr. Kuypers, Mr. Simon Van Antwerp jun. to Miss Eliza Coles, both of this city.

On Saturday evening last, by the rev. Mr Runkle, Mr. William Elmore, to Miss Fanny Shamburgh, both of this city.



Died.

On Tuesday afternoon last, after a short but painful illness, which she bore with christian fortitude and resignation, Mrs. Catherine M'Kay, wife of Mr. John M'Kay.

On Saturday morning, after a lingering illness, Miss Sarah Hitchcock, daughter of the late Daniel Hitchcock.

At Havannah, on the 26th May, Mr. John Bailey formerly of Newport, R. I. but lately had resided in this city.



*Apollo struck the enchanting Lyre,
The Muses sung in strains alternate.*

For the Lady's Miscellany.

Mr. Editor

By inserting the following lines in
your Miscellany, you will oblige a
Friend.

SANDY-HOOK LIGHTHOUSE.

The scene was more beautiful far to my
Eye;

Than if day, in its pride had array'd it.
The land breeze blew mild, and the az-
ure arch'd sky;

It look't pure as the spirit that made
it.

The murmur rose soft, as I silently
gaz'd,

On the shadowy wave's playful motion,
From the dim distant Hook, till the
Lighthouse fire blazed,

Like a star in the midst of the Ocean.

No longer the joy of the sailor boy's
breast.

Was heard in his wildly breath'd num-
bers.

The sea bird had flown to her wave'd
girdled nest;

And the fisherman sunk to his slum-
bers.

One moment I look'd from the High-
lands rough slope,

(All hush'd was the billows commo-
tion.)

And thought that the Lighthouse lovely
as hope
The star of life's tremulous Ocean.

The time is long past, and the scene is
afar.

Yet when my head rests on its Pillow,
Will memory sometimes rekindle the
star;

That blazed on the breast of the bil-
low.

In life's closing hour, when the trem-
bling soul flies,

And Death stills the hearts last emo-
tion,

O, then may the seraph of mercy arise,
Like a star on eternity Ocean.

*The fairy fictions of parental hope, and
anguish of grief, are well portrayed in
'The Widowed Matron's' lamentation
on the death of her only Son.'*

Hence, idle hope! false world, adieu!

My every joy in life is gone!

Ah what have I with hope to do?

It died with thee, my darling son.

Tho' Sorrow 'marked me for her own,'

And I have felt her bitter smart,

And stern affliction's coldest frown

Had chilled the pulses of my heart:

Of every other bliss bereft,

My fancy fondly turned to thee,

For thou, my sweetest child, wert left,

And thou wert all the world to me.

When I beheld thy blooming face,

In beauty's rising charms display

The winning smile and manly grace

Of him who stole my heart away

Thou wert to me a morning light,

Thou wert to me a noontide beam,

And, in the slumbers of the night,

I clasped thee in affection's dream.

And when I viewed thy tender mind,
Taste's fairest forms with joy receive,
And every impulse, bland and kind,
That hope could wish, or precept give;

When in the mirror of thine eye
Each imaged virtue seemed to glow,
Pure as the tints of morning sky,
Reflected in the lake below;

I fondly hoped thy gentle love
Would cheer the evening of my day,
Thy filial smile a beam would prove,
To guide me on my lonely way.

Hence, idle hope—false world, adieu;
My every joy in life is gone,
Ah! what have I with hope to do?
'Tis buried with my darling son!

And art thou ever, ever fled?
And will the pitying powers above
Grant no communion with the dead,
No converse with the souls we love.

BY J. M'CREERY.

On yonder bloody battle field,
Where late the deadly bullets flew,
And cannon proved the Britons shield,
While pikes the sons of Erin drew.
A spot where once the hamlet stood,
With all its gay and merry train,
Is seen and known by stain of blood
Of mothers wives and infants slain.

Beneath a brown and naked thorn,
By winters angry blasts made bare,
Stood fair Eliza faint forlorn,
Loose to the storm her streaming hair.
The scanty berries from the bush
She picked, and then in accents wild:
• Hush my little darling, hush—
Come eat my little orphan child.

• 'Twas here when spring's warm breezes flew,
And clothed the boughs in nature's pride

And spread the fragrant blossoms hue,
I pledged myself your father's bride:
His voice yet vibrates through my breast;
For O! it was the voice of love—
While to his heart with ardor press'd
Enwapt we sought the marriage grove

Alas the ruffian soldier came,
And he was brave—he scorned to fly—
Envelop'd by devouring flame,
I saw him fight, and faint and die!
Since then—But hush they come again.
Faint on her cheek a hectic flash
Appeared—she fled across the plain.

FOR SALE.

A few hundred yards of English & Brussels Carpeting, (of the first quality) at No. 46 Maiden Lane.—Also an assortment of Bedding and Gentlemen's (ready made) Linens at No. 44 Maiden Lane.

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